

BLUE GRASS BLADE

Volume XVIII.

LEXINGTON, KY., JULY 4, 1909

Number 9

DEVOTED TO THE PROPAGANDA OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT

The Curse of Faith

A SERMON IN VERSE.

(By Mrs. J. J. Fykes.)

What hath religion done for man?
Behold her record since the world began!
From fetichism to the creed of Christ
Truth unto error hath she sacrificed,
And good to evil—reason fair to faith.
For faith rebuketh all that reason saith
And builds a palace upon lies, a throne
Upon wild fancy's vaporings alone—
Delusions unto which sick minds are prone.

As fetichism first she claimed, through rite
Most barbarous, the blood, the woe, the blight
That could alone sate her fell appetite.
Unto some goblin god—snake deified,
Were offerings made and babe and virgin died.
So man could fall! Reason turned shuddering thence
While he, deluded, clothed omnipotence
In a fiend's cruel wickedness and vice
And set Hell by the side of Paradise.

While human flesh he ate some crafty priest
Blest in his idol's name that barbarous feast.
Blood glutted every god of savagedom!
The Aztec, Mayax, negro, Greece and Rome,
Cold Scandinavia even, strove to gain
Celestial aid through blood of victims slain.
In Carthage, Syria, Cyprus, Crete and Tyre,
Men made their offspring pass to Baal through fire.
In Melkarth's, Moloch's brazen furnace toss'd
Writhed babes devoted to the holocaust.
At Ishtar's shrine Religion aimed a thrust
At woman—humbling virtue to the dust
And made faith even co-operate with lust.

In Israel she preached her evil laws,
Unleashed the fury of religious wars.
Midst murder, rapine, cruelty and vice
She sang her lying song of Paradise.

Aye, read the tale how hapless Midian fared,
How God the Jews upbraided since they spared
The suckling and its mother! How he bade
That they be slaughtered and the virgin made
A spoil for priest and soldier. How the blight
Of madness a Judaean king did smite
Because he dared to spare the Amalekite!

Read farther still for now, O Christendom,
Thou art on trial! Thy hour at last has come!
What hast thou done that maketh thee accurst
Religion's latest guise—yea, and its worst?
Not holier thou than fetichisms crude
That have of old betrayed the multitude,
Not holier than the faith that made the horses
Of Islam whet for holy war their swords.
Or than the creed of fair exotic Ind
That bids, while wailings rise upon the wind,
The veiled widow, as a virtuous dame
Bed her fair, living body in the flame.
There mothers starve their babes that milk be given
To sacred cobras for the grace of Heaven.

Religion—lo—even in your Christian guise
You are an eye-sore to discerning eyes.
You made of heretics a hecatomb
That—racked with anguish—pleased the church of Rome.
The witchcraft craze its origin most fell
Can trace to you and purgatory, hell
Art your pet doctrines—woman's womanhood
You, desecrating—tarnishing all good,
Have called an evil—sin—the gate of hell!
You stoned, scourged, crushed her with your power fell.

The Inquisition—the Crusades—the fire
In which Jew, Gipsy, heretic expire
And that poor victim of a monstrous craze
The sorceress—the bloody evil days

A. J. Parker
High and Ashland East Side
Sep09